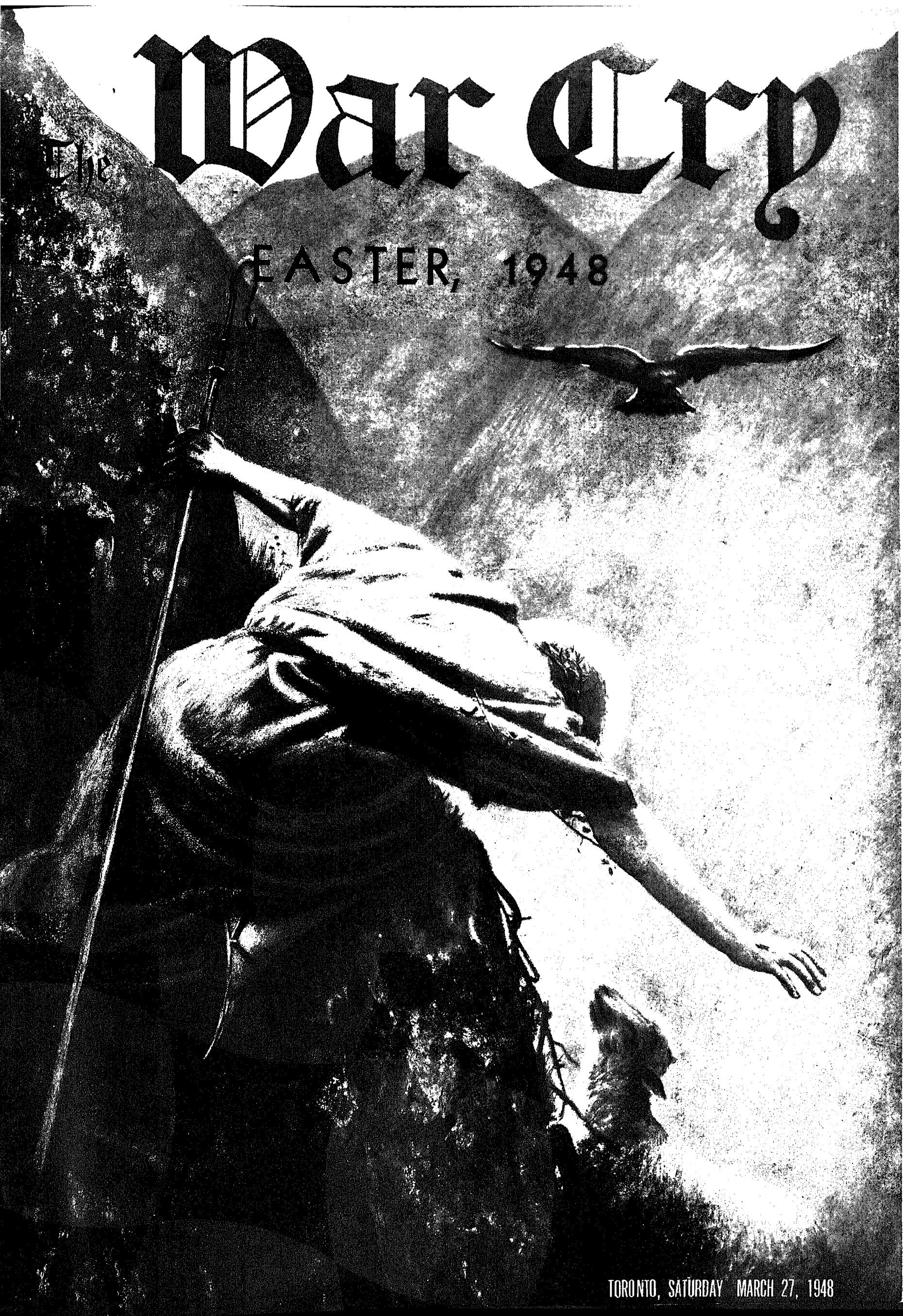
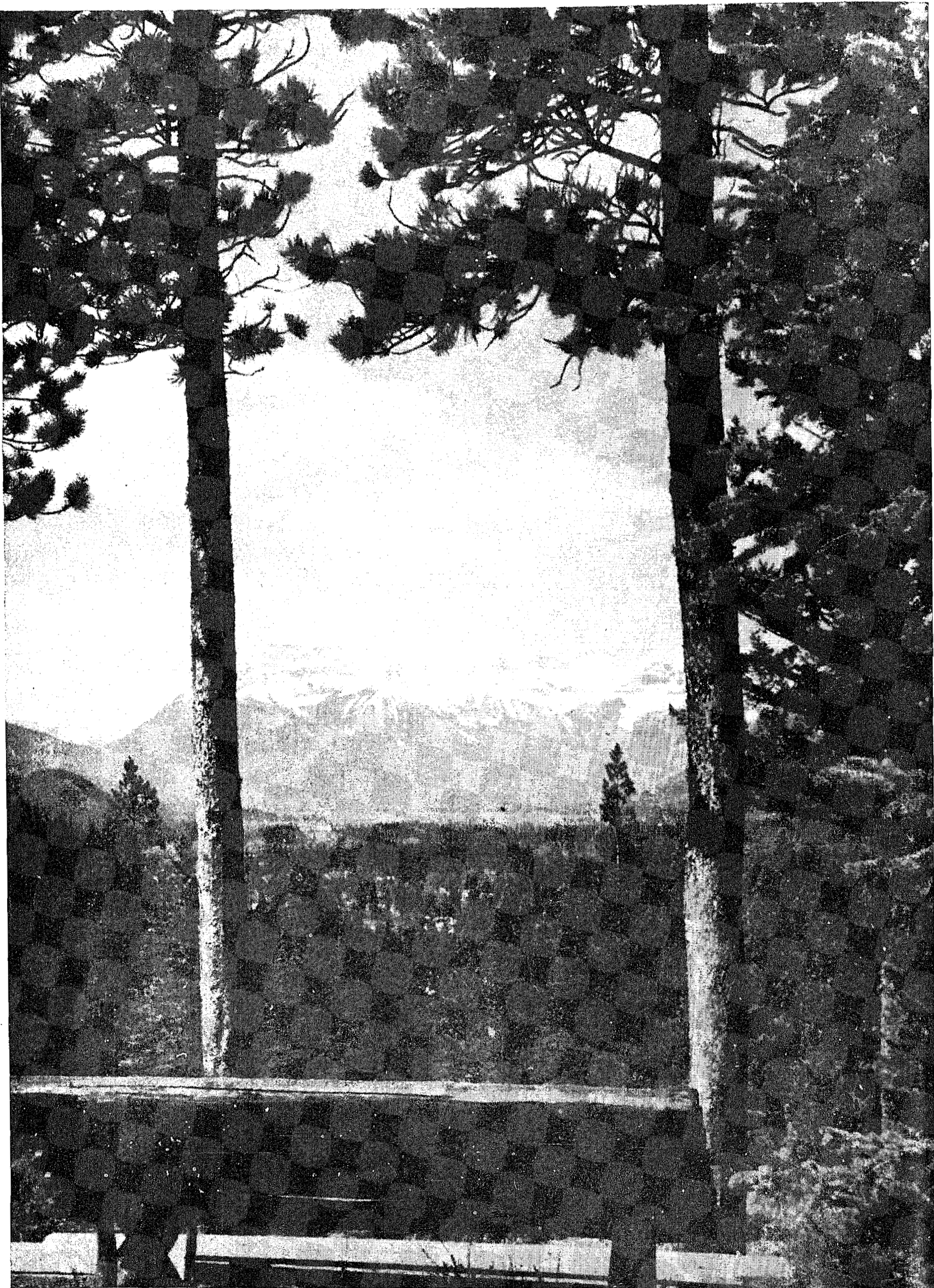


War Cry

EASTER, 1948



TORONTO, SATURDAY MARCH 27, 1948



"The glory of the Lord . . . stood upon the mountain."—Ezekiel 11:23.

A SCENE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Where the sublime grandeur of God's handiwork dwarfs the highest handicraft of man's making



A RARE PORTRAIT OF THE FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY, GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, TAKEN IN THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, DURING A VISIT TO THE ONTARIO CAPITAL

NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

An Extract from a Remarkable Address by the Founder; "Though Dead He Yet Speaketh"

SPIRITUAL Life is Divine in its origin. It is a creation of the Holy Spirit. I need not dwell on this truth. Jesus Christ was at great trouble to teach it. "Marvel not," He said, "ye must be born again. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." You have gone through this experience yourselves. You must insist on it in your people. Spiritual Life proceeds from God. It can be obtained in no other way.

Spiritual Life not only proceeds from God, but partakes of the nature of God.

We see this principle, that the life imparted partakes of the nature of the author or being that imparts it, illustrated around us in every direction.

The tree partakes of the nature of the tree from which it is derived. The animal partakes of the nature of the creature that begets it. The child partakes of the nature of its parents. So the soul, born of God, will possess the nature of its Author. Its life will be Divine.

This is a mystery. We cannot understand it, but the Apostle distinctly affirms it when he says, the Son of God is a partaker of the Divine nature.

Spiritual Life, like all other life, carries with it the particular powers belonging to its own nature.

Every kind of life has its own particular powers—senses, instincts, or whatever they may be called.

Vegetable life has its powers, enabling it to draw nutrition out of the ground.

Fish life has power, adapting it to an existence in the water.

Animal life has powers or senses such as seeing, hearing, tasting, and suitable to its sphere of existence, the like.

ROPE WANTED

As Told by the Founder and Recorded for Future Generations

ON the shores of the Mexican Gulf a large city had been built, dangerously near high-water mark.

One day, a mighty tidal wave rolled over it drowning 10,000 people at a stroke.

A community of devoted young women, living on the outskirts of the city, heard the shrieks of the drowning people and rushed to the rescue, saving many of the unfortunate creatures from their doom. But when the lowering clouds and the growling thunders and the moaning seas threatened another storm, they fled, agreeing that their work for the day was done.

But one girl, specially concerned for the children, said, "I'm going to have another go." "No, Mary!" her comrades replied, "if you go again, you'll come back no more." "But," said Mary, "the little ones are perishing, and if I refuse to save them, their wailings will haunt my dying pillow."

So, with a coil of rope round her arm, Mary went out again into the storm, but she came back no more. And when they searched for the dead among the wreckage, they found Mary with an infant in each arm and seven little children tied together with a rope, one end of which was fastened round her waist.

Can't you see Mary, dragging her little procession along, when a sudden gust of wind blows her over and the waters drown her where she falls? I shall meet Mary and her little flock in Heaven.

The Salvation Army is out on the wild waste waters of the world. Her arms are full of children, and thousands of helpless creatures are being borne along by her in safety on earth and to blessedness in Heaven. Still, she wants to do far more, but she's short of rope, and, knowing that there must be a good deal of that material unused in various parts of the world, may I ask my friends to send a little along, and thereby earn the blessing of God, together with the thanks of those ready to perish, and the unfailing gratitude of the General?

Human life has faculties, emotions, loves and hatreds, suitable to its manner of existence. And it has its own peculiar destiny. It goes back to God, to be judged as to its conduct when its earthly career terminates.

And the Spiritual Life of which we are speaking has powers or faculties necessary to the maintenance of its existence, and to the discharge of the duties appropriate to the sphere in which it moves. For instance; it has powers to draw from God the nourishment it requires; it has powers to see or discern spiritual things; it has powers to distinguish holy people; it has powers to love truth, and to hate falsehood; it has powers to suffer and sacrifice for the good of others. It has powers to know, and love, and glorify its Maker.

Those possessed of this Spiritual Life, like all other beings, act according to their nature.

For instance: the tree grows in the woods, and bears leaves and fruit after its own nature. The bird flies in the air, builds its nest and sings its song after its own nature. The wild beasts roam through the forest, and rage and devour according to their own nature. If you are to make these or any other creatures act differently, you must give them a different nature. By distorting the tree, or bird, you may make some trifling and temporary alteration in the condition or conduct of these creatures; but when you have done this, left to themselves, they will soon revert to their original nature.

By way of illustration. A menagerie recently paid a visit to a northern town. Among the exhibits was a cage labelled "The Happy Family," containing a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a lamb. When the keeper was asked

(Continued on page 6)

PICTORIAL PAGE...

Describing a Few of The Army's Many-sided Activities



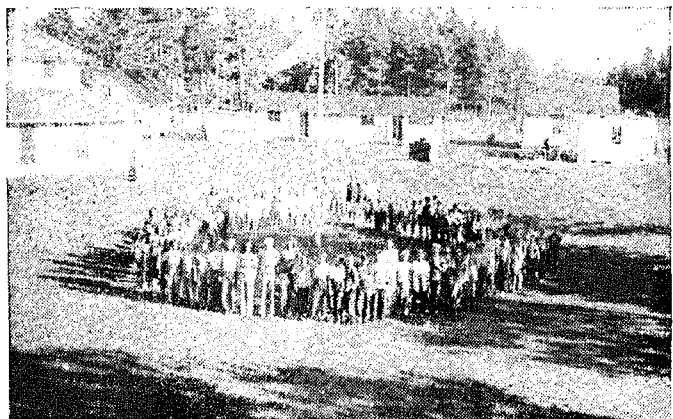
UPPER:
A substantial meal at the Working Men's Hostel gives heart for hard jobs ahead



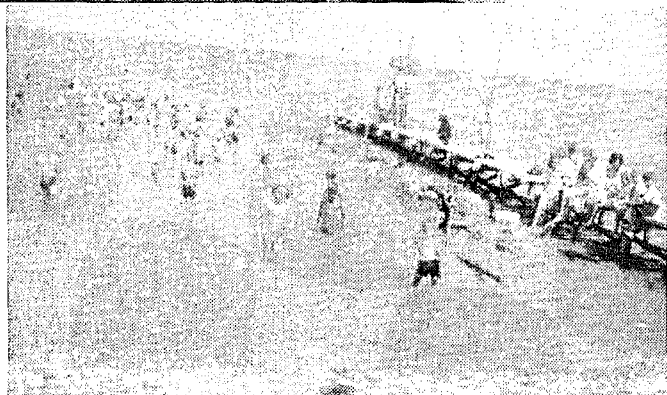
LEFT:
A quartet of nurses are shown in a corridor of one of The Army's Hospitals, ready for service. Scores of young women are trained periodically in these efficient institutions, which stretch from British Columbia to Newfoundland



RIGHT:
A veteran of Life's many battles reposes at rest from his labors in an Eventide Home for Aged Men



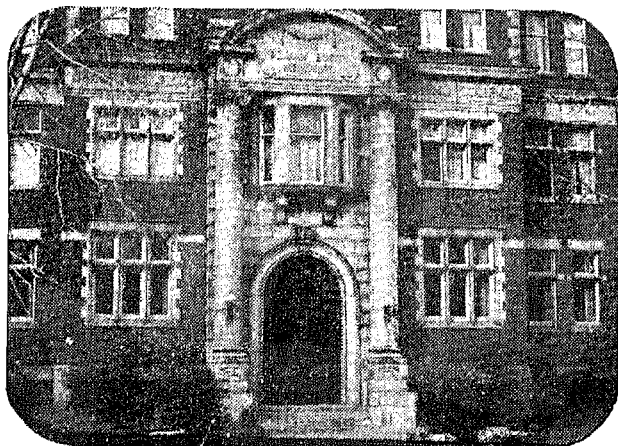
LEFT:
The recollection of early morning flag-raising at The Army's Summer Fresh-Air Camp has brought pleasure to thousands of present-day citizens who were then children



RIGHT:
Away from dust-laden city streets once a year the youngsters have a chance to maintain health



There's nothing so refreshing as a good cup of tea... at an Army Sunset Lodge



"UNIVERSITY OF HUMANITY"

Hundreds of Salvation Army Officers have trained for service at this well-known institution — the William Booth Training College, Toronto. Its commissioned Officers are to be found all round the world

The WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert W. T. Orsborn, General; Chas. Baugh, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1. Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Canada.

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TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1948

THE CROSS-BEARING Christ

His "Follow Me"
Was Not for a Day,
But for a Lifetime

EASTER is a time of happiness. Few there are who do not find something about the season to their liking. To some it means no more than a long holiday. In this land it signifies the passing of the severe winter with its cold and snow, the portal of spring, a time of joy. Even the busy farmer finds time to celebrate it, while amateur farmers and gardeners will devote some of the extra leisure to their gardens.

The Christian appreciates these aspects of Easter, but to him it means more, very much more. His thoughts centre around the suffering, death and resurrection of One

*"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."*

But Easter offers the Christian not only something done for him, but something that he can do for his Lord. He is not called upon to suffer and die in atonement for the sins of others; only the Son of Man and the Son of God could do that. But he is called upon to follow his Lord in the path of duty appointed for him. And that path may entail suffering and cross bearing. It will certainly entail devotion to duty and the acceptance of a will other than his own.

Consider the words of Christ on the cross, "It is finished" (John 19:30). Those sacred words signify not only the end of His suffering, the completion of Calvary, but the triumphant culmination of a life of devotion to the will of His Father. He willingly left the realms of glory, was born of a woman, took the form of a helpless babe, was obedient to earthly authority, yet always with His eyes, His will, and

By
COMMISSIONER
CHAS.
BAUGH

*"And I, if I
be lifted up...
will draw all
men unto
Me."*

John 12:32.

tion in the wilderness, right on through a life of joy and sorrow, of triumph and of what seemed like defeat through the darkness of Gethsemane, at the bar of injustice, right up the slopes of Calvary, He pursues His undaunted journey, tranquil in the assurance that all was in the will of the Father, and finally reached the pinnacle when He was able to give utterance to the triumphant conclusion, "It is finished."

In that respect we can emulate Him. Not only can we, but we must, if the will of God is to be finally accomplished by our lives. Also, our Lord wants us to emulate Him. His "Follow Me" was not for a day, for an episode. It was a call for a lifetime, until the time when we, like Him, can say "It is finished," or like Paul, can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Do we love Him? Are we following Him? If so, what is the use of doing. His will sometimes, in some respects, when it may be easy, or pleasant, or in line with our own plan for life? There will come a time, we know not how soon,

*"He is despised
and rejected of
men; a Man of
Sorrows and acquainted with grief
... Surely He hath
borne our griefs
and carried our
sorrows; yet we
did esteem Him
stricken, smitten
of God, and afflicted
... He was
wounded for our
transgressions, He
was bruised for
our iniquities; the
chastisement of our
peace was upon
Him; and with His
stripes we are
healed."*

Isaiah 53:3, 4, 5.



when the statement "It is finished" will apply to us. To some it looks very remote, though who can say? But whether short or long, our journey through life should be travelled day by day, moment by moment, in the consciousness that the road has an end, and that only if we tread that road step by step, day by day, never deviating to right or left, shall we reach the end, and receive His final "Well done."

Reader, did you commence well? While things went well, were not too difficult, and the sun shone, and friends were near and no questions arose, you continued with joy to do His will. But when loneliness, and thorns, and misunderstandings, and hardness arose you could not conceive that these should also be in His will for you, and you sought an easier road in the hope it would be the right one. Now you find yourself out of His will, content with the second best, one in a crowd. It is easier. But is it right?

One who reads may even now be sorely tempted. Things are not as you expected them to be. So few tread the narrow way; you wonder, can all the others be wrong? Earthly claims confront you. Home, loved ones, career, health, future, thrust out clutching hands. It is a grand thought that Jesus our Lord, so sensitive, so well balanced, so wise, was profoundly conscious of these, yet set them resolutely aside as He trod the path of obedience to the will of the Father, until He was able to acclaim in triumph even in the pangs of death, "It is finished."

Dear one, will you not join at this Easter season in the old vow, so often given in the past but so easily forgotten or broken:

*"All I have I am bringing to
Thee;
All I have I am bringing to
Thee;
In Thy steps I will follow, come
joy or come sorrow,
Dear Saviour, I will follow
Thee."*



COMMISSIONER C. BAUGH

whose beloved name he bears. To him Easter is like the anniversary of the day when he, in bondage awaiting the death penalty for his own deeds, finds that the door of his cell has been opened, and a free pardon is held out to him; truly a most wonderful event. Even the sombre shadows of Black Friday are part of the darkness that heralds the dawn of the glorious morning of Resurrection, Easter Morn. And all this circles around the form of his dear Lord and Saviour, by whose love and sacrifice he has entered into eternal life. How true was the poet who wrote:



MRS. BAUGH

His heart set on obedience to the will of the Father.

In the womb of time when the wondrous plan of redemption was conceived, on that first Christmas morn when He came to Bethlehem, in His boyhood when He questioned "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business," in tempta-





Bill's neglect gave him some bad moments

THE atmosphere of the popular tavern was fetid with smoke and the heavy fumes of stale beer. The "boys" were getting tired and near drunk as closing time drew near. Someone suggested a song, and all eyes turned to Bill, the big fisherman and season-

The Good Earth

MUCH has been written about flowers, trees and skies, but little has been said of the earth.

This is the patient earth that has withstood the shock of battle, the fury of winds and the eroding hand of time. This is the lovely earth that is outlined in massive mountains, sloping valleys and gentle rolling hills. And this is the mother earth that has borne giant trees, bright flowers and abundant crops of grain.

Those who know the earth love it. They love it when it is hot and steaming; they love it when it is cracked and frozen; they love it when it is mellow and warm with harvest; and they love it when it is sweet and fragrant in spring-time.

To hold earth in one's hand is to feel the touch of that which is primitive and permanent. To work with it is to know honesty and wholeness.

Truly indeed has the earth been called the "good" earth.

Montreal Gazette.

THE TAVERN SINGER

The Days of Miracles Are Not Yet Past

By Charles O. Butler

al longshoreman who sat at one of the tables. Bill was the possessor of a naturally good and powerful tenor voice and was always ready to oblige the boys, for he loved to sing and to lead the singing of popular songs of the day.

Soon the place was ringing with the words of a sentimental song, and the boys were fully conditioned for sentimentality in their well-primed condition. The tavern closed and the boys in varied stages of intoxication staggered their way home.

A Wife's Anxiety

In a hillside cottage, facing the incomparable harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, Bill's wife waited as she had done for two years, and wondered what state her husband would come home in, and how much of his hard-earned money he would have left for the family needs. She had waited thus many nights for months. She thought of Bill's father, himself a "trophy of God's Grace", just recently gone to Glory, and wondered if God, who had so

Bill's brother Bob, who had been converted some years before, and from his cottage continuous prayer was offered for Bill, following after the prayers of their glorified father. But the wanderer went his own way.

One Sunday night some months ago, Bill surprised his wife and himself by saying that he was going to the meeting at the St. John's Temple. He had not had a drink for the day. After the Bible address Bill left the building, and as he stepped outside, God met him.

Shaken to the centre of his soul, Bill stopped. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He had recognized the voice of God in his soul.

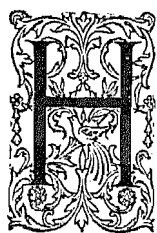
Bill re-entered the building and without saying a word to anyone, went forward to the Mercy-Seat and confessed and forsook his sin. To-day he and his wife are Salvation Army Soldiers, and their children are constant attendants at the Young People's meeting.

And Bill's voice too is used in

Nothing like this had ever happened to him before

Bill now happily sings:

"I'd rather have Jesus than silver and gold,
I'd rather have Jesus than riches untold.
I'd rather have Jesus than houses and lands.
I'd rather be led by His nail-pierced hands
Than to be king of a vast domain,
And live 'neath Sin's dark sway.
I'd rather have Jesus than anything
This world affords to-day."



HE SAVED OTHERS

Himself He Would Not Save

HE might have built a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head;
Time was when He nourished crowds with bread
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Were at His beck—the scorned and buffeted!
He healed another's scratch; His own side bled,
Side, feet and hands, with cruel piercings gored.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought!
Oh, self-restraint passing all human thought,
To have all power and be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, which felt alone
For needs of others, never for its own.

wonderfully saved his father would ever be able to save the son.

Bill's neglect of his family gave him some bad moments on some occasions but these became rarer as he frequented the tavern almost continuously.

Continuous Prayer

At the entrance of the harbor lived

singing the songs of the redeemed in the Songster Brigade. Moreover, every Wednesday night Bill stands outside the taverns with other comrades and tells his former boon companions of Christ's love and redeeming grace. And they, looking into the clear eyes and happy face of the former "tavern singer," know that his testimony is true.

NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

(Continued from page 3)

confidentially how long a time these animals had lived thus peacefully together, he answered, "About ten months. But," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

As with these forms of life, so with men and women and children. The only way to secure conduct of a lasting character different from their nature is by effecting a change in that nature. Make them new creatures in Christ Jesus and you will have a Christlike life.

The presence of the powers natural to Spiritual Life constitutes the only true and sufficient evidence of its possession.

The absence of these powers shows conclusively the absence of the life. If a man does not love God and walk humbly with Him; if he does not long after Holiness, love his comrades, and care for souls, it will be

satisfying evidence that he has gone back to the old nature—that is, to spiritual death.

All Spiritual Life is not only imparted by Jesus Christ, but sustained by direct union with Him.

"I am the Vine," He says, "ye are the branches; he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing."

Nothing will make up for the lack of this life.

This, indeed, applies to every kind of existence. You cannot find a substitute for life in the vegetable kingdom. Try the trees in the garden. Look at that dead apple-tree. As you see it there, it is useless, ugly, fruitless. What will make up for the absence of life? Will the digging, or the manuring of the ground around it do this? No! That

will be all in vain. If it is dead, there is only one remedy, and that is to give it life—new life.

Take the animal world. What can you do to make up for the lack of life in a dog? I read the other day of a lady who had a pet dog. She loved it to distraction. It died. Whatever could she do with it to make up for its loss of life? Well, she might have preserved it, stuffed it, jewelled its eyes, and painted its skin. But had she done so, these things would have been a disappointing substitute. So she buried it, and committed suicide in her grief, and was buried by its side.

Take the loss of human life. What is the use of a dead man? Go to the death chamber. Look at that corpse. The loved ones are distracted. What can they do? They may dress it, adorn it, appeal to it. But all that human skill and effort can conceive will be in vain. All that the broken hearts can say or do must soon terminate, as did Abraham's mourning



for Sarah, when he said, "Give me a piece of land that I may bury my head out of my sight." Nothing can make up for the lack of life.

But this is specially true of the Spiritual Life of which we are speaking... No education, learning, Bible knowledge, theology, social amusements, or anything of the kind will be a satisfactory substitute. Whoever seeks to put any of these things in the place of life will find them a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; will find them to be only the wraps and trappings of death itself.



The Army Founder with Commissioner John Lawley at Mount Calvary, Palestine



SPRINGTIME WALK IN SZECHUAN

SPRING has come! The sun is shining. This is something rather unusual. Szechuan skies are grey skies, and we may go for many weeks, yea months, and see but little of Heaven's blue. The Chinese themselves have a quaint way of expressing this fact by a proverb which says "Szechuan dogs bark at the sun—is he not a stranger?"

Yet occasionally the thick clouds do disperse for a season, then automatically a different spirit pervades the atmosphere. The people—hungry, bathe in its warm rays. Boxes are hurriedly opened, garments in need of sunning are taken out and soon adorn bushes and trees. Grain must be thoroughly dried out.

This part of Szechuan, called the Chengtu Plain, has been termed "A Garden of Eden." Certainly when the resplendent rays of the sun envelop this plain one realizes how lavish nature can become. Color seems to acquire a more vivid tint in the spring sunshine. We feel we dwell in "a universe of nature's fairest forms."

Suppose that we take an imaginary walk: Wandering along we become conscious of fair music. Pretty sounds come from various directions but there is no discord. It might be an interesting diversion

What a Chinese Garden of Eden Revealed

By Major John Wells

Built for the Dowager Empress Tai Ho this striking ornamental marble boat stands in the midst of beautiful grounds some little distance out of Peking

Slender bamboos waving gracefully in the breeze introduce us to another member of our orchestra, the faint rustle of their slender leaves forming a pleasing counter-

blow these sturdy reeds will bear the brunt of its force and the hard working peasant will be spared a deal of anxiety. But the old peasant has seen us and is coming out.

Wrinkled and bent with toil there is yet a singular attraction about him.

We ask his honorable name. "Chang," he replies. Seeing our in-

Part of The Salvation Army's "sisterhood of nations" known around the world as the Home League, these Chinese women, with their children, are members of the Home League at Mukden, old capital of Manchuria



to consider the members of our natural orchestra separately. First, the little streams; they are everywhere. They have come a long way too; right from the icy heart of the mighty Tibetan mountains. Thousands of tons of water follow in their train and this irresistible force drives them along. They murmur and gurgle like happy children as they hurry along seemingly intent on their great task of irrigating a vast plain. Miniature waterfalls and whirlpools add their parts as we approach and pass them.

part to the liquid notes of the streamlets. Maybe some day this particular bamboo will fall into the skilled hands of the flute maker who will so fashion it that even sweeter notes shall emanate.

The thought of the bamboo causes us to look out over the plain. Scores of little bamboo groves come to view. The nearby one looks attractive, and following a little winding path we reach it. We are surprised to find that it forms the boundary of a peasant's primitive homestead. When bitter winds

terest in the bamboos he becomes talkative. Yes, the blessings bestowed upon Szechuan are manifold but the bamboo is one of the greatest. Intertwined and plastered over with mud it forms the walls of houses. The resilient carrying pole so indispensable to the native, is a section of mature bamboo. Strong baskets and floor mats are woven from it. Plaited strands of bamboo make sturdy cable ropes. A leaf of hard texture which forms around its stem is useful in the manufacture of the cloth shoe.

Chopsticks, brushes, food containers, measuring vessels and a score of other necessities are made of bamboo. But, we must retrace our steps. Bowing politely we leave our old friend.

Some of the most colorful of Nature's orchestra appear to view. Graceful birds in gorgeous plumage dart to and fro and their contribution to the music is no mean one. The call of one bird consists of eight clear notes and a tim-

id bird in yonder tree seems to reply with four. Truly fair music none would deny.

Now the steady rhythmic boom of the water mill falls upon our ears. No percussion section ever did more faithful duty.

We said there was no discordant note in the music. Perhaps this should be qualified, as even the grandest music contains its "passing discord." It is so with nature's music. Voices disturb our serenity. To our left we notice an excited group, mainly women and children, shouting and waving their hands. Soaring above them is a large hawk. Unhappy experiences have taught these people to fear this bird of prey, and they will not cease their commotion until the hawk is clear away. Our orchestra plays on. We turn to consider other things.

Cone-shaped Mounds

Burial grounds are numerous. Every few hundred yards we find one. Just a little group of cone-shaped mounds, varying in size but not in shape. A larger mound stands out prominently. This is the grave of the family head. A roughly-hewn stone altar has been provided for ancestral worship and a shrine is given a place of honor. No hedge or wall encloses the burial ground, nor in many cases does any memorial tablet mark the spot. These places have a desolate and uncared for appearance. However, were we to visit them at the times of certain festivals in the year and witness the superstitious practices taking place we should

(Continued on page 14)



In China are to be found many old but beautiful structures which, despite their venerable appearance, arrest and please the eye. The photograph is that of one of the many stone bridges spanning a stretch of water

The Living Saviour The Giver of Life and the Destroyer of Death

CHRISt, who is the Bread of Life, began His ministry hungering. He who is the Water of Life ended His ministry thirsting. Christ hungered as man, and fed the hungry as God. He was weary, and yet He is our rest. He paid tribute, yet He is the King. He was called a devil, but He cast out devils. He prayed, and yet He hears prayer. He wept, and He dries our tears. He was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and redeemed the world. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and He is the Good Shepherd. He died, and gave His life, and by dying destroyed death.



A VISIT TO THE TOMB

A "Timely
Themes"
Article

By

MAJOR

Wm.

ROSS

TERRITORIAL
SPIRITUAL
SPECIAL

The angel said,
"Come, see the
place where the
Lord lay."
Matt. 28:6.

THE message of Easter can never be untimely nor unseasonable. Indeed it may be that we miss much blessing by our tendency to ponder upon certain outstanding events in the life of our Lord at particular times only. During these periods we sing appropriate songs and use specific portions of Holy Writ, only to lay them aside and in some measure overlook them, until the recurrence of some special season brings them again into use.

Every day should be a remembrance day in the life of the follower of Jesus; every day should

be a time of "peace and goodwill" when Christ, in Whose face the world still so positively closes its doors, can come to the lowly heart of man and by His presence transform it into a glorious place where the Angel's song is heard and adoration offered.

Methinks, too, that every day could be a Good Friday when we pause to "survey the wondrous Cross" and contemplate the tremendous cost of our redemption; a day when the veil is rent, and we who "were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of His Cross." And surely every day ought to be an

Easter Day filled with the resurgent power of the Living Lord expressed by the movings of the Spirit in our lives.

Let us approach with reverence, for familiarity with the subject should not engender a casual approach. This is indeed holy ground. Here we view the burial place of the Elder Brother of the believer, the tomb of the Friend who gave His life for every sinner.

We live in an age of commercialism; even the religion of Jesus Christ has not escaped the hand of those who endeavor to cultivate the Midas touch; men who shun not to use Holy things for the accretion of carnal profit. Moreover, there has been loosed upon the earth a veritable babel of voices, each propagating its own belief as the sure panacea for a sin-sick world.

From all this tumult we are invited by a Heavenly messenger, to turn aside and for a time visit that quiet garden spot where the Lord lay.

Let us note how our interest quickens as we near the sacred spot, for if the bars are not burst "then are we of all men most miserable," but the angel guide is quick to point out that here we have an empty tomb. Other graves are made sacred because they are the repository of the dust of great men and women; 'tis different here, for this tomb is made holy by its very emptiness. Christ's entrance thereto, through the gateway of death proves for all time His humanity. His egress therefrom, through the door of Life sets the seal of proof upon His divinity. His enemies tried with stone, seal and soldier to hold Him there, yet at the appointed time He arose. Let us learn well this lesson — when men dispose of Christ according to their own methods—when they think that He is silenced forever; in that hour the resurrection is very near and very sure.

Our angel guide also draws attention to the fact that here is a borrowed tomb. It had to be so, for Christ had nothing on earth

He could really call His own. He was a Stranger here. When the fateful hour of His birth came, they had to borrow an innkeeper's manger for His cradle; when He desired to preach He borrowed Peter's boat for a pulpit; when He rode into Jerusalem He borrowed a colt for conveyance. To secure the privacy necessary to the Last Supper, He borrowed a friend's room. When He came to die, they had to let Barabbas go free that they might use his cross for the Christ. Even His burial had to wait until they secured the use of another's tomb. Was this all He borrowed? He died for sin — He had none of His own. Whose then did He take to Calvary?

"Bearing shame and scoffing
rude,
In my place, condemned, He
stood."

He bore MY sin and carried MY sorrow—My Living, Loving Lord!

But what says our guide? Draw near, for he reveals to us that this is a well-appointed grave. What strange anomaly have we here? He who was of all men most poor, Who had no place to lay His head, is now "with the rich in His death." Ah, even he who runs may read—while the price of our redemption was being exacted, God the Father did not interfere. Through all the persecution, injustice, cruelty and death, Christ "trode the winepress alone."

The finest linen and purest spices are needed to prepare for the burial, the son of a King. The best tomb in the land is made ready for the reception of His body, and all who scoff at His tribulation are silent and dare not cavil thereat. Oh, the solemn lesson is clear. There will come a moment in the life of every Christ rejector when God will step in. When for the final time His commandments will be broken. For the last time His mercy will be spurned, His pleading ignored, His people mocked. When those who refuse to meet the entreaty of the Son of Man, will suddenly face the Son of God. Be warned, God help and pity you sinner, be warned.

We scarce need our guide to point out that this is a tidy grave. When one pauses to consider the battle fought therein, one would naturally expect to find some confusion—anything but this neatness of folded garments and carefully placed linen napkin. Oh, here is no task half done; not only did our Lord conquer death, but He tarried long enough to clear up the disorder. This is still His way — for when the living Christ comes to a heart or a home, He not only deals with sin, but also with its effects. His presence is marked by a thorough clean-up. Peace and order take the place of strife, dissension and chaos.

As we turn to leave, one glance will show that this is a strong tomb—built in a rock, and lo, the rock is riven where the stone has been rolled away. Here, surely, is the fulfillment of a type.

Many years before, God's people had well nigh perished in the wilderness until a riven rock brought forth water in that dry and thirsty place. It may be that the reader finds himself in a wilderness too, and he is liable to wander for many a weary day and perchance even perish, while the bitter murmurings arise in his heart. Seek then the Riven Rock, from which pours a mighty stream of Salvation.

Ere we part at the garden entrance, let us remember the final injunction of the angel, "Go quickly, and tell that He is risen"; and so we leave this spot, convinced that our duty is to serve a Risen Saviour, to tell to all that the Redeemer liveth, and because He lives, we too shall live. This then is the message of Easter. Let us proclaim it with all our might.

THE SEEKING SAVIOUR

READERS will recognize in the frontispiece of this issue of The War Cry a reproduction of A. U. Soord's well-known masterpiece, "The Lost Sheep" (Autotype Fine Arts), and it is improbable that a more appropriate symbol of Christ's Passion could be found, for it embodies His own poignant parable of the Good Shepherd who died for His sheep.

"Lord, whence are Thy hands
so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by
many a thorn."

Then, never before, perhaps, in the world's fitful history has the

spectacle of the Saviour weeping over a sin-distressed world been so apposite, as pictured on the back cover of this issue. The lines of Frank Mason North's searching poem inevitably come to mind and invite deep contemplation. The story of how the hymn came to be written is interesting:

Rev. F. Mason North served as pastor of several prominent Methodist churches in America, and became widely known for his preaching. But there were times, much as he loved his pulpit, when the preacher-poet used to steal away to the heart of the city to watch the crowds hurrying by at the busiest intersections. The men and women,

coming and going by the thousands, fascinated him. He stood for hours, peering into the faces of those who passed by, trying to read in their expressions the stories of their lives, their joys and sorrows, their hopes, their goals, and their disappointments and heartaches. He once said:

"I spent days and weeks and years in close contact with every phase of the life of the multitudes, and at the morning, noon and evening hours was familiar with the tragedy — as it always seemed to me — of the jostling, moving currents of the life of the people as revealed upon the streets, and at great crossings of the avenues. I have watched them by the hour as they passed by tens of thousands."

It was this interest of his in the life of the great city that inspired his hymn, "Where Cross The Crowded Ways Of Life." He wrote it in 1905, responding to a call for a missionary hymn from members of a Methodist committee who were preparing a new hymnal. Recalling the hymn-writing episode years later, he said:

"I wrote what was in my thought and feeling. . . . That it has found its way into so many hymnals, and by translations into so many other languages, is significant not because it shows the quality of the hymn itself but because it is an expression of the tremendous movement of the soul of the Gospel in these times, which demands that the follower of Christ must make the interest of the people his own and must find the heart of the world's need if he is in any way to represent his Master among men."

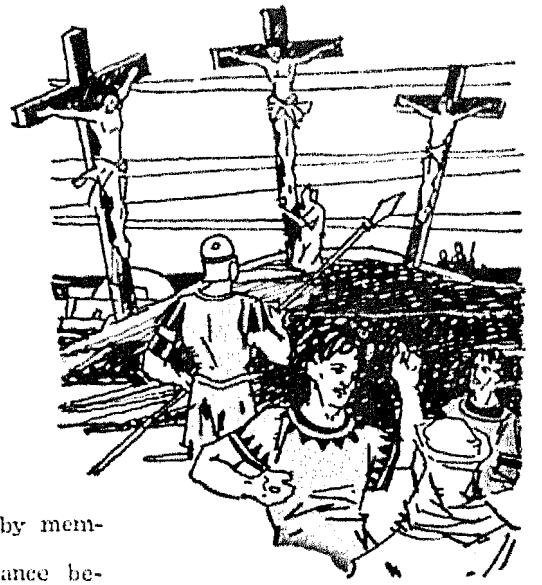


A SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP IN THE HOLY LAND

“TO SEE THE END”

Matthew 26:58

*A Seasonable Meditation by The Army's
International Leader, General
Albert Orsborn*



"THEY
CRUCIFIED
HIM
THERE"

THE world is always ready to sit at the deathbed of Christianity. That is not surprising; the spirit of this world is in permanent opposition to Christ. From time to time the world's votaries have confidently proclaimed the end of Christ and all for which He stands. Sad, indeed, but far more sad when a disciple suffers a spiritual declension and sits down "to see the end." Not merely an eclipse, a temporary obliteration, but the dark, dismal and final end. End of all the hopes that came suddenly to life on that bright morning when Brother Andrew cried, "We have found Him!" End of the grand adventure; the miracles; the walking and talking; the sharing of bread; the confession of Caesarea Philippi; the venture upon the waves; the holy transfiguration; the intimate supper; the tender prayer, "I have prayed for thee" . . . the end! The collapse; the defeat; the final disillusionment.

The disciple becomes a spectator of the last act in the tragedy, before the curtain rings down upon unrelieved night; and he, Peter, the confident witness the caster-out of devils, the miracle worker in the Name of Christ, the proposer of permanent establishments on the Mount, returns to the boat, and the nets and the sorting out and sale of fish!

Out of Touch With Him

It was about half the compass of the city of Jerusalem from the garden of Gethsemane to the Palace of the High Priest. Take a look at the map. It was not a long journey, but when the heart is sad the miles are long. Peter had often walked with Jesus and found the way easy by reason of such a companionship. But walking *behind* Jesus, and out of touch with Him, was altogether a different matter, and we may be sure it was the longest journey of all.

Jesus had been bound. His unoffending hands had done their last service of healing. With torch, lanterns, arms and staves the Guard and their manacled Captive hurried through the darkened streets. In the shadows, not daring to venture too near, were Peter and John. In Miss Sayer's play, "The Man Born to be King," Peter says, "Keep them in sight, John; we must see the end

of this." And John replies, "I know what the end will be . . . So does He . . . Strung up on the gallows . . . Oh, Peter — we said we would die with Him. What right have we to be alive?"

In and out of the entries and passages, along the narrow streets, the dejected and desperate Peter was drawn on. Fearing to advance, and unable to retreat, his fierce love and insatiable curiosity fighting against his failing faith, he went forward. There was nothing he could do. His offensive mood was checked after his futile sword-play in the garden. Yet, the crisis held him, compelled him to go on and "see the end."

I think St. Matthew twenty-six is a terrible chapter for Peter; from the thirty-third verse on, he cannot get out of the story. There all his swift declensions appear, until the terrible seventy-fifth verse, with its bitter tears. I can scarcely endure to read the relentless exposure. "All ye shall be offended, because of Me," bring from the disciple the perilous asseveration, "Though all men should be offended, yet will I never be offended." The superior disciple is never far from disaster. Tenderly the Master forewarns of denial, a possibility the denier, with unhappy emphasis, vigorously denies: "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." The pledge was unreal, but it was popular; for if Peter gave the solo,



GENERAL A. ORSBORN

everyone joined in the chorus: "Likewise said all the disciples." Then—

*"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent:
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame."*

And, "He took with Him Peter . . .", one of the three aspirants for the Kingdom's highest honors. The first lesson in costly discipleship had scarce begun, when the Master spake sadly "unto Peter, 'What . . . not . . . one hour?' " Not one hour in this long night of offending!

Thus the sorry tale proceeds: Peter in a futile fracas with the temple guard, trying to make good his bravado, "Though I shall die with Thee." Then the four declen-

sions of denial: followed by memory, repentance and tears.

First, he placed a distance between himself and his Lord. I am sure he could have given reasons for doing so: reason can always provide us with excuses for doing what we wish to do. Cover it with what apologies we may, the fact remains



The Potter's Field, Jerusalem, bought with Judas' thirty pieces of silver

that distance from the Master in the hour of trial belies our identification with Him. Love closes distances: disloyalty widens them. I find myself speculating about the measurement of those words, "far off." How far? Then I remind myself that we do not measure spiritual distances in years or miles, but in love and loyalties! What is the distance between friends who have been torn apart by mistrust or misunderstanding? Can you tell me how far it is from one aching heart to another? How far is it from the embittered heart of a loveless husband to the empty heart of the disappointed wife? Though they dwell together, what is the distance that separates them: can you tell me? I only know that a companionship which has ceased to be a communion is the arctic winter of the soul, and misery stalks across its desolate and infinite wastes.

So with Peter, it was the winter of his unbelief. His world was

the working part of religion, had broken down. In a complex nature, emotion had over-ridden principle, the instinct of fear held him back, the instinct of curiosity drew him on, and underneath his errant actions there was a fire burning. It was a fire that had been kindled when the Master first met His disciples, and that same fire was yet to save him. There's always hope of our discipleship while the fire continues to burn.

In after years, with cleansed and chastened spirit, "Simon Peter, a servant . . ." was to speak of Christ as "A stone of stumbling and a rock of offence." Where and when did he learn this inwardness of such rejection? Was it on that stone-paved way, and in that heartless courtyard, more chilled by its cynical railery than by the night winds? Was it the second step in the disciple's collapse when he "went in?"

We know that John got him in, (Continued on page 12)



MRS. GENERAL ORSBORN

"WE Are Looking For You"

A Glimpse Into One of The Army's Lesser Known Departments and Its Activities

BY Major H. Wood



other through sheer neglect, until there comes an overwhelming desire to communicate once again with brother or sister, friend or neighbor.

Where are these lost ones? The searcher has a vague idea that the missing person went to China about 1925, or to Labrador, or Australia about 1903, and was a carpenter or a mason or a baker. An old address is perhaps raked up, and with such scanty information as can be ascertained, The Salvation Army Missing Department goes to work. And it is amazing how often their efforts are successful. Often it simply means placing an advertisement in The War Cry of the particular country the absentee was last known to be in; but sometimes more thorough methods must be carried out; much careful correspondence, with many persons involved, is entered into, and no pains are spared to track down the missing one.

There are scores of human-

some time ago. The brother had had a son, but it was stated that this boy had been killed in the war. The family had been living in a town in Europe and the daughters, it was thought, were married, although their present names were not known. In May the Department had the pleasure of informing the enquirer that The Salvation Army Officer in that war-torn district had found the family (whose name, incidentally, was not spelled as had been told) and a full history of every member was supplied, including the son who had not been killed, but taken a prisoner of war. The uncle in Canada is now in communication with the needy and grateful family.

A man in Ireland had not heard from his brother, Edward G— for many years. Edward had migrated to Canada by means of a Government Farm Training Scheme. He had been in hospital in Toronto in 1936, but nothing further was known. A few months later, Mrs. Edward G— expressed her husband's delight in being able to correspond

available and he moved about frequently. However, by diligent questioning, an Officer in the district, where he was thought to have gone, found Mr. L— happily, quite healthy and thankful to have his sister's address.

Not always, of course, is there a happy ending. A brother in Finland had not heard from his sister in Canada for many years. A neighbor near the farm where Mrs. A— had lived replied to The Army's enquiry that this woman had been in an institution in Toronto. By means of clue-following it was at last ascertained that this unfortunate woman was a patient in a mental hospital. The Officer in the town visited Mrs. A—, and when she died, was able to send a comprehensive report to Finland of the funeral which had been attended by him.

In July of last year, Mr. C— wrote: "I have just arrived from England and am anxious to find my brother, Henry C—, last known to be living somewhere in Ontario. He is now about fifty-four years of age, and came to Canada in 1902 with the 'X' agency. This is the only information I can give." It was found that a man in a small Ontario town had known Henry C— in 1911. He offered the information that the missing man was working for a well-known company in Toronto and that his home was in a village near-by. When this was confirmed, a message conveyed the news to Henry that his brother from England was in a town in Quebec, and it was not many minutes before the brothers were engaged in long-distance conversation, overjoyed to have found each other after a lapse of forty-two years.

A Canadian citizen of German parentage, whose Western farm offered sustenance for the old people in Germany, if only they could be found, asked The Army to endeavor to contact the mother and father. At once the name of the town where the parents had lived was forwarded to The Army's International Headquarters. The place was said to be between Hamburg and Kiel. This search took two years, but although there were several small towns of the same name in the vicinity of Hamburg, contact was made by persistent effort on the part of some Army workers in that country of chaotic conditions.

From Norway came a plea for The Army to find the son of a father "who is longing to hear from his boy." Amundsen L— was last known to be in Alberta. Happily, some who had known him, interested themselves in the case, and forwarded an address in Victoria, B.C., which proved to be a link so that the Missing Persons Department eventually received a letter from Mr. L— stating that he was very happy to identify himself as the person sought. He had been on active service in the Canadian Army in Italy, and while there had tried to contact his parents in Norway, but by reason of war-dispersement, had not been able to do so. Now, father and son are united by correspondence, and at least two hearts have been gladdened.

A mother in England wrote distractedly of her daughter, Mrs. G—, who had come out to her husband in Canada. The mother had heard that they were living in distressing circumstances with the husband's family of twelve adults in a very small house on the outskirts of an Ontario

(Continued on page 14)



Among Us Still—Unseen!

THEY hailed Him King as He passed by,
They strewed their garments in the road,
But they were set on earthly things,
And He on God.

They sang His praise for what He did,
But gave His message little thought;
They could not see that their souls' good
Was all He sought.

They could not understand why He,
With powers so vast at His command,

Should hesitate to claim their rights
And free the land.

Their own concerns with this world's hopes
Shut out the wonder of His news;
And we, with larger knowledge, still
His way refuse.

He walks among us still, unseen,
And still points out the only way,
But we still follow other gods
And Him betray.

JOHN OXENHAM.

interest stories in the files of the Men's Social Service Missing Persons Bureau of the Canadian Territory. Documentary evidence of gratitude unspeakable from parents, from children, from husbands and wives restored to each other, is on file. The following sketches indicate the heart-warming results accomplished by a chain of international bureaux. Here are some examples taken from recent files:

A well-to-do family in England had long lost contact with a sister who came to this country many years ago, and had gone her own wayward way. She was thought to be living on a certain street in Toronto. An Army Officer traced Miss S. from one address to another, finally locating this once beautiful woman, now in extremely reduced circumstances and suffering from a chronic ailment. Immediate needs were provided — quilts, clothing, food and coal. Informed, the family in the Old Land were most appreciative, and sent a sum of money to be administered by The Army for the sister's comfort and well-being.

In April, 1947, a man in British Columbia asked The Army's representative to locate the four daughters of his brother who had died

with his brother from whom he had not heard for sixteen years.

Another sixteen-year separation was bridged with reunion when an alert Officer in Saint John found John A— working some forty miles outside that city. His old mother in Norway had lived for the day when she would hear from her son.

Often the search takes the investigator to lonely outposts, to hospitals, into sad circumstances. A year's constant enquiry has just been terminated by finding one Carl L— whose sister in Norway had requested that The Army locate her brother who had been a farmer long before the war in Saskatchewan. Unfortunately, some twelve years previously, this man had been a patient for a short while in a mental hospital, and it was feared he might have had to return to an institution. From one place to another clues of his whereabouts were followed, and it was learned that he had purposely endeavored to draw a veil of secrecy about the past. Thus forwarding addresses were not



Humanity's "Teeming Tide"

IS there any human tragedy so poignant as the loss of a loved one by his or her leaving the home circle? For a mother to know that son or daughter has left home and is somewhere in the cold, wide world is more cause for sorrow and anxiety than even death itself, for in that case at least uncertainty is put to an end.

Sometimes a family loses its breadwinner, who may have left home deliberately, or as is sometimes the case, through loss of memory. The missing one must be found, but how? In the teeming cities it is as easy for a person to be lost as certainly as a needle in a haystack. But it is a source of gratitude to know that even in difficult cases The Army has been remarkably successful.

Not all the paragraphs in The Salvation Army "Missing Friends columns" (found in most War Crys of the world) represent such keen tragedies, however. Some folk have become separated and lost to each

CHRIST IS LOOKING FOR YOU!

RECALLING AN ARCTIC EPIC

An Account of the Historic Discovery of the North-West Passage

ABOUT one hundred years ago, two small ships sailed from Greenhithe, England, on one of the most momentous voyages ever undertaken by the British Navy. They were commanded by Captain Sir John Franklin, and their orders were to discover and sail through the north-west passage to the Pacific, thus setting the seal on fifteen years' intensive exploration of the North American coastline.

At the age of 59, Franklin had

In these wild and stormy waters they were often cheered by the sight of a Hull or Aberdeen whaler homeward-bound with the season's catch. But on July 6, in the vicinity of Lancaster Sound, they passed the last whaler and saw no other sign of humanity.

The bad weather prevented Franklin from following his intended course and he had to go farther north than he wished. At last, after weeks of battling through the ice, a large stretch of open water was sighted. But shortly afterwards the ice closed in again and got worse than ever. In September, Franklin turned south and reached Beachey Island, where he decided to spend the winter.

It was then discovered that much of the tinned meat which formed

By •

R. F. Lambert

already made three trips to the Arctic, and was the senior naval officer in Britain with thorough experience of this type of navigation. His ships, the Erebus and the Terror, were fitted with all the latest safety devices of the day. They had provisions for three years, and for the first time in the history of polar exploration each of them carried, besides its sails, an auxiliary engine of twenty horse-power.

A month later they reached the coast of Greenland and said goodbye to the supply ship that had accompanied them across the Atlantic. Then in a terrible Arctic storm they sailed north. Sometimes the men had to get out on an ice-floe and pull the ships along with ropes; sometimes they sailed along channels so narrow that movements in the ice threatened to smash their hulls.

After battling polar seas many a Canadian vessel looks like this when she reaches port



the basis of their three years' rations was bad. However, the little party was not unduly perturbed, and some of them went on a shooting expedition, though the birds were too wild to give them much success. Others built an observatory. Of the 138 officers and men who made up the two ships' companies, three died. The sun disappeared in November and came up again the following February. And at last the look-out stationed on top of the island shouted the long-awaited words: "Floes in motion!"

For several weeks the two ships battered their way to and fro, making little real progress. Not until the middle of August, with scarcely a fortnight's good sailing weather ahead, did they find a passage.

Along this they rapidly made two degrees of latitude, then the passage contracted and the way was barred by ice and islands. Still they pushed forward whenever a chance offered, until the ice closed over them and there was no chance of moving till spring.

Their position was about as dangerous as it could be; the pressure of the ice was so great that floes were sometimes slung half a mile above the high-water-mark of the neighboring islands. The ice-pack groaned continually, and it seemed a miracle that the two ships kept unscathed.

In May Lieutenant Graham Gore and Mr. F. des Voeux, of the Erebus, set out on foot with six men to chart the way. On King William's land they built a cairn and left a message to say that all was well. Then they pushed forward till they reached the American mainland and returned full of spirits with the great news: the passage was right ahead.

But it was a sad ship's company that greeted them. Overcome by anxiety, by the hard conditions and the poor food, Franklin was dying. An officer writing in his diary described the commander as delightful, and that was the general opinion. There was real sorrow when his body was committed to the ice, but fortunately nobody then knew the horrors Franklin had been spared.

That spring the ice never let up at all. Slowly the floe in which the two ships were embedded drifted southward until by the end of the season it had covered thirty miles; but they were separated from open water by another sixty miles. In September the drift became slower and then stopped. Neither the Erebus nor the Terror had been able to move an inch under her own power.

Scurvy Was Rampant

By now food was getting short and scurvy was rampant. The mouldy meat affected everyone's health; there had been a number of fatalities already and that winter nine officers and twelve men died. The original party of 138 was now reduced to 104.

When spring came, the joint commanders, Crozier and Fitzjames,

decided that the only hope was to try to reach safety across the mainland. It was a desperate decision, but the only possible one; salt meat was the only food left, and to feed cases of scurvy on that much longer was to invite death. The whale-boats were packed with forty days' provisions and other stores and fitted on sledges. And on April 25, 1848, having been ice-bound for two years, the Erebus and the Terror were abandoned.

It took the party three days to cover the fifteen miles to King William's Land. There they lightened the load by dumping axes, rope, clothing and other items, and pushed on towards the mainland. Before they arrived it became clear that if any of them were to survive, the fit men must go ahead as fast as they could. The party therefore split in two and the sick started back towards the ships.

A Record Left in a Cairn

The others got to Cape Herschel on the mainland and put a record in a cairn. Then they turned south in an attempt to reach the Great Fish River. The journey became a nightmare. A man would fall face foremost in his tracks and his companions would push on without a backward glance. So it went on until at last not a man was left alive. When the last one died we do not know.

No less than thirty-nine expeditions set out to ascertain what happened to Sir John Franklin and his men, and from their discoveries the story was gradually pieced together. The clues were gathered from the records left by the ill-fated expedition to the mainland, and from wandering Eskimos who had seen them trek southward or later discovered their corpses.

Memorial in London

The expeditions, one of which was financed by Franklin's widow, incidentally did a vast amount of exploring and finally cleared up the mystery of the north-west passage. But the honor of finding the passage, has, by universal consent, been awarded to Franklin himself, and he is credited with it on the pedestal that has been erected to his memory, at public expense, in Waterloo Place, London.



IN CANADA'S ARCTIC REGIONS

An Esquimaux mother and parka-clad child gaze spellbound as a Canadian patrol vessel carrying needed supplies hoves in view



COLONEL
WM.
DRAY



MRS.
DRAY

"But now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Corinthians 15:20.

JESUS was crucified. From the Garden of Gethsemane, He passed to the judgment hall for trial, and then to death on Calvary. Yes, Jesus was crucified! These are facts recorded by all four evangelists in Holy Writ.

It is also recorded that He was buried. This fact, too, is recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke, and is indisputable. We read that His broken, scarred body was laid away by loving hands. The Jews saw that the tomb was made secure, with a stone placed against the entrance and Roman soldiers placed on guard. Yes, history and the Holy Scriptures record all this!

Did Christ really rise? The women on arriving at the tomb found it empty; the body of Jesus was gone! This is also recorded by Matthew, Mark and Luke.

Two great facts present themselves to us:

The empty tomb.

EASTER'S GLORIOUS MESSAGE

By THE
CHIEF SECRETARY

The appearances of the resurrected Christ.

Then there is the announcement to the women by the Angel that the Lord has risen: "He is not here, He is risen." The evidences of His bodily resurrection are recorded in Scripture, for not once but on numerous occasions He Himself appeared in bodily form. The following are some of His appearances:

He appeared to Mary; she knew Him; the Mary from whom He had cast out seven devils.

He appeared to Simon Peter. He appeared to the two travelers on the road to Emmaus.

To the disciples while at meat. To Thomas, the doubter, giving evidence that He was alive.

To the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias.

He appeared to James, the apostle.

He appeared to five hundred brethren at one time.

It is recorded that Christ was alive, walking, talking, eating, drinking, and on Easter Sunday we commemorate the wonderful event of His resurrection. Without doubt or contradiction, Easter is the "great day" in the church calendar. The Church Universal celebrates this great festival with joy; it is the central factor of the Christian faith, the foundation-stone on which the Christian Church stands. Take this away, remove the Easter message and the resurrection, and there is no message; there is no hope. We look around. Spring is here with all the emblems of the

resurrection; the trees, the flowers; how glorious! Everything speaks to us of life from the dead.

The dark, depressing days of Gethsemane, the humiliation of the judgment hall and the crucifixion have passed. Sorrow is turned into great joy, for Christ lives! This was the message of that first Easter Day, and it rings out again to-day. The message of the Christian Church is that Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification.

This was all in God's plan for man's redemption. The coming of Christ was twofold: To meet the challenge, and bring victory over these two great enemies:

SIN: The message for us here is, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

DEATH: This last great enemy is conquered. The message of Christ, and the message of Easter is, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Because I live, ye shall live also."

Christ has conquered sin and death. We too, His followers, have victory through Christ and faith in His redeeming power.

Went Forth to Witness

The Apostle Paul says it is not enough that men have hope in Christ in this life only, and if that is the only hope we have in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. There can be no real Christian faith



BEARING HIS CROSS.—A panel of carved oak in old Mickleham Parish Church, said to be the only one of its kind in the world. Photograph taken by a War Cry reader

until we believe the great fact that Christ lives! He lives for us, and in us; He abolished death and brought immortality to life. In His resurrection we have the promise and assurance of Eternal Life.

The Apostle also said that those who saw Christ after He had burst the tomb, went forth to witness. True followers of Christ to-day will witness to His resurrection power in their lives. We witness not to a crucified, dead, defeated Christ, but a living Christ and a living Lord who is still living, redeeming, ruling and reigning. He lives and reigns as Lord and King.

Let us then proclaim the glorious Easter message as of old: Christ lives! He ever lives to save! The end is not yet, the future glows bright, for the resurrection also means that He is coming again, when all who are in Him will enjoy Him for ever.

*Living He loved me, dying He saved me,
Buried He carried my sins far away.
Rising He justified, freely forever,
Some day He's coming, oh, glorious day!*

his own condemnation while watching for his Lord's. It is tragic enough to see a woman weep, but when a strong man breaks forth into bitter weeping, turn aside. "Why was it necessary," I have said, "to set forth this rough-hewn fishermen in the picture, world-without-end, running, stumbling, weeping?" Weeping so much that I think he never forgot it, and his sobs are still heard in I Peter 2:25: "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned to the shepherd and bishop of your souls." Then I recollect: it must have been Peter himself, in broken and contrite spirit, who told the others, "And then I saw Him! He came down the stairs, bound and insulted, but as He came He had no eyes for the crowd, but only for me! Only for me! And my heart broke within me and I shall weep evermore that I denied Him, yet He forgave me!"

The love of Christ saved this man, the love that "knows no end." The love of Christ will save you and me: indeed, I have no other hope, have you? "The end?" Not the end of Jesus, but the end of a chapter in a disciple's weakness, and the beginning of an experience which enables us to bow our heads for his apostolic blessing (I Peter 1:9): "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

"TO SEE THE END"

(Continued from page 9)

for "that other disciple" was known at the palace, was—as we say—persona grata there. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Peter had commenced to play an anonymous part. The frightened and furtive disciple was in a spiritual fever. Gripped in a dreadful reaction of despair, he went into dangerous company as he joined the coldly hostile crowd. Christians cannot be neutral. Let the unconfessed Christian beware, lest it should soon appear that he is not a Christian at all.

Even had the wavering disciple kept standing, there would have been hope of his recovery. The erect posture would have suggested the possibility of standing out, of sallying forth, of some kind of individual action. Besides, had he remained standing, Peter could have caught a glimpse of his Master, in the room overhead, and the sight of Jesus might have saved him. But when we are told he "sat down," we realize that his convictions are lost in the crowd.

This danger is still with us. Compromise with evil, surrender by silence, failure in personal witnessing because of indifferent or hostile mass tendencies, are still the symptoms of decadent discipleship. The disciple in the courtyard was just a spectator, no better than an onlooker. His interest was in Jesus, but his interests were not. He was already contacting out of Christ's commitments, withdrawing his spiritual investments. The "I go a-fishing," complex was forming. When we start calling in our spiritual investments, we are about to sell out to the world: denial is not far away. Was this the very same

man who, not many hours before, had declared "Yet not I?" The change is almost unbelievable, self-confident spirits commonly think those sins farthest from them into which they are most likely to fall.

The eye being darkened by failure and despair, the overbold disciple looks for "the end." It is one of the grim characteristics of most humans that they are compelled to gaze upon the end of anything or anybody. The denouement seems to exercise upon them an extraordinary fascination. They will ever accentuate the final phase, "for everyone pushes a falling fence." It is not a nice disposition, even though the wise man wrote, perhaps in his cynical vein, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof," and "better the day of death than of one's birth."

Hidden Fires of Love

To be "in at the finish" is not always admirable, sometimes a gentle reticence is more becoming. It was a bit of crudity in Peter that he joined the crowd to see the curtain run down. Or was his curiosity somewhat relieved by the hidden fires of love deep beneath the surface tragedy, and he simply had to keep looking?

It was nearly the end of Peter, but certainly not of Jesus. The Master had foretold trouble (St. Matthew 24), but had said, "The end is not yet." And Isaiah had prophesied: "Of His government there shall be no end." We triumph in the wonderful words (Ephesians 3:21), "To Him be glory . . . world without end."

Let us not outstar the curious, as the disciple nearly stumbled upon

Springtime is Youthtide





THE BATTLE OF LONDON

By COLONEL JACK ADDIE

THE following are verses selected from a narrative poem, describing some of the striking early-day conversions at London, Ont., where The Salvation Army in Canada was started by two young men, Jack Addie, and Joe Ludgate. Colonel Addie was promoted to Glory some years ago, and Joseph Ludgate, well-advanced in age, went to his Reward late last year from the United States.

IN an old Canadian city, where The Army first began,
When the only cure for drunkards was the old Salvation plan.
Drunkards, harlots, thieves and jail-birds, and the city's vilest scum,
Had been rescued, for 'tis written "Whosoever will may come."
Such miracles in modern times had ne'er before been heard,
And as in days that Jesus lived, the country-side was stirred.

The soldiers of the nation had encamped upon the hill,
From north and south, from east and west, they came for yearly drill;
City business was suspended almost seeming for the time;
And on the Sunday of our story church-bells in vain did chime;
To the camp-grounds in their thousands the multitudes did throng,
And, by special invitation, God's Army went along
To tell the old, old story, and Salvation songs to sing
To the soldiers of the nation, by the Soldiers of the King.
As Moses in the wilderness that serpent lifted high,
That the bitten Israelites might look, and, looking, need not die,
Even so must Jesus lifted be, the Good Book does declare,
And the wilderness must surely mean out in the open air.
This band of Christian warriors, scarce numbering fifty strong,
Could be heard off in the distance as they marched with drum and song,
Every moment brought them nearer; plainer, louder, grew the drum,
Till the crowd cried out in chorus: "Look out, boys, here they come!"
Like the parting of the waters was that human surging sea,
Every face bespoke a welcome, soon, alas! how changed to be!
On bended knees the Captain prayed that God would bless the crowd;
"Amen!" each warrior-heart said, either silent or aloud.
Prayer o'er, The Army folk, rising, formed themselves into a ring;
The Captain lined the words out and they all began to sing:
"I'm a Soldier bound for Glory, I'm a Soldier going Home;
Come and hear me tell my story, all who long in sin have gone."

They had scarcely sung the verse through, when the enemy began.
A little flame was kindled, which the winds of hell did fan.
Two drunkards started quarrelling 'bout The Army, pro and con,
The crowds increased in numbers and the devil urged them on.

Their words of wrath grew louder, confusion reigned supreme;
The Army in a battle—'twas a fact and not a dream.
The winds of hell blew fiercer, the flames all round did spread,
The crowd forsook the drunkards and attacked the saints instead.

Then ranks were quickly broken, they were scattered left and right,
God's Army seemed defeated, devils laughed with fiends' delight;
Thrice in vain they tried to rally, thrice in vain they tried to sing,
For the devil was determined they should not re-form their ring.
By his agents crushed and mangled, they were trampled as they fell,
Bruised and bleeding by the hillside they were hurled by fiends of hell.
"Beat them, kick them, kill them," cried the crowd with one accord.
They did the same to Jesus; were they greater than their Lord?

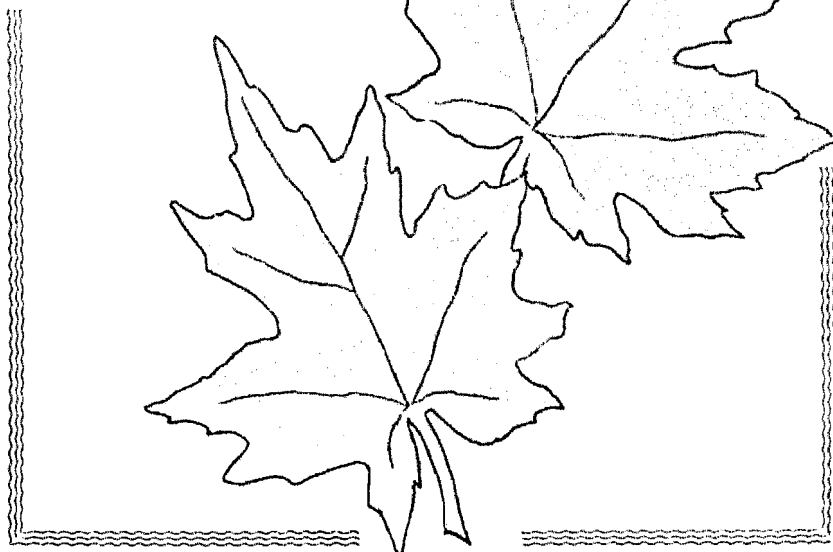
One soldier of the country, as his eyes beheld the scene,
His heart was stirred within him as it never 'fore had been,
His blood was almost boiling as he rushed into the fray



ON, ON, NO SURRENDER

Shouting: "I'm not a Christian, but I like to see fair play.
Stand back, you cruel cowards, have you got no heart at all?"
And right and left a dozen 'neath his maddened blows did fall.

Surprised thus for a moment, the crowd seemed driven back,
But rallying, thirst for blood increased, more fierce was their attack.
With a stone their would-be rescuer was struck upon the head,
And bleeding, to the hospital, they bore him on a bed.
Unlike that Roman soldier who pierced the Saviour's side,



This soldier undertook His cause and for Him he nearly died.
Three weeks he lay betwixt life and death—a scene sad to behold,
He did not know the Shepherd's voice, he was outside the fold.
Our bodies we may even give, the Bible tells us plain,
That if we have not love divine, 'twill only be in vain.
Oh, noble man, may Heaven grant you'll 'list beneath the Cross,
That when rewards are given out you may not suffer loss.

On, down the hill, at furious pace, a horse and rider came—
Commander of the country's troops, an officer of fame.
Dismounting quickly, sword made bare, he dared the mob advance.
"I'll run the first man through," he said. None cared to take a chance!
At sight of sharpened, shining steel, held by one man alone,
The cowardly mob fell back dismayed, their courage all had gone.
Stentorian voice, commanding tone, the order forth he pealed:

"Regiment number twenty-nine, advance and take the field:
Form yourselves in double ring, link arms and stand your ground!"
In less time than it takes to write, each man in place was found.
"Collect your scattered forces, Captain; bring them in the ring;
Go on and hold your meeting now; I love to hear you sing.
We specially invited you to hold your meeting here;

We'll stand by and protect you; you need no longer fear."
To see those men and women rise and rally to the call
Was a not to be forgotten sight by saints and sinners all,
With bodies bruised and garments torn, and blood all streaming down
They gloried in their Saviour's Cross, 'twas dearer than the crown,
They, kneeling down, gave thanks to God, whose mercy help did bring,
Directly from the soldiers, indirectly from their King.
The lion had been changed to lamb, the mob so fierce was stilled,
With mighty, moving, melting power God's Army all was filled.

A reporter of the daily news stood, writing-pad in hand,
Closely watching every movement of this brave Salvation Band,
Tears were standing in his eyes; soon down his cheeks they rolled;
He tried so hard to stop them, but they could not be controlled.
They ran down on his paper, he could no longer write,
He surely then was passing through a stern and inward fight.
It lasted but a moment, a change came o'er his face,
And, stepping out into the ring, he asked to state his case,

Permission being granted: "Dear friends," he thus began,
"The Power that prompts me here to speak, I'm sure is not of man;
I've always said there was no God, I've scorned and broken His laws,
With tongue and pen defamed His name, and sought to hurt His cause.
My business here this afternoon, I'm sorry now to say,
Was to write a scathing article and give these folk away.
I hated them without a cause, I'll never hate them more:
If I'd known them as I know them now, I'd loved them long before.
I've seen them beaten, kicked, and stoned; I've watched them through it all.
Their spirit is the same as shown by Christ in Judgment Hall.
My infidelity is gone like chaff before the wind;
I've come as did the prodigal, saying: "Father, I have sinned,"
And, blessed be His holy name! He saves me in this ring.
I want to 'list beneath His flag a Soldier of the King."

Their meeting o'er, they formed in line.
That march back to the town
Is one in Army history now, there's few of more renown.
The soldiers of the nation who for right had nobly striven
Were waiting for instructions. Soon the order loud was given:
"Escort them to the city now; fall in, in front, in rear,
On right and left their ranks protect, a passage for them clear."
With banners waving in the breeze they marched with drum and song,
The people waved their hats and cheered both armies loud and long.
As on they marched the crowds increased, they fairly lined the route;
To see the conquering heroes come the city had turned out.
They halted not until dismissed upon the Market Square,
When, after all had sung "Praise God," the Captain closed with prayer.

Their meeting in the rink that night must not be left untold,
If all the rest were silver pure, that surely would be gold.
Two thousand people packed the place, one half were from the camp—
They did not mind the rough board seats or sawdust floor so damp.
The Army at their very best, the fight had done them good;
They never spoke with greater power, so easily understood;
Conviction stamped on many hearts, the pool was opened wide,
Twelve of the nation's soldiers plunged beneath its cleansing tide
Emerging whiter than the snow, God's praises loud did sing—
The "soldiers of the nation" and the "Soldiers o' the King."

The Army Founder Speaks:

*My arms are round
the world - my heart is set
upon its Salvation.*

WILLIAM BOOTH.



CAPTURED GIANTS.—A frequent stirring springtide spectacle on Canada's broad rivers flowing from the northland is that of the formation of enormous log-rafts. A lumberman is shown at his oft-dangerous but necessary task of binding the forest giants together.

A Springtime Walk in Szechuan

(Continued from page 7)

realize that they are by no means forgotten. Perhaps it should be mentioned here that these are the resting places of the poor. The burial-ground of a rich family with its costly stone gateways and figures is entirely different.

The sight of an old woman trudging wearily towards her lowly hut is a reminder that evening draws apace. Fixed to her bent back is a large basket piled high with dried leaves. Strange though it may seem it is nevertheless true that some trees in Szechuan do not shed their leaves until well into spring. Fallen leaves fill her basket. Nature thus provides fuel for one too poor to buy.

There is, however, a blessing of which Szechuan cannot boast. That is the long evening twilight, and ere long we shall notice wee flickering flames of rape-seed oil lamps dimly illuminating comfortless dwellings. But there is, for the moment, a fair amount of light. Wang the farmer, his allotted task incomplete, vainly attempts to urge his buffalo on to greater endeavor. It is useless! Yonder buffalo, his work over, drinks quietly at the brook. "What a capacity," we remark. "Will he never be satisfied?" The farmer's son sits astride his broad back. He comes of a patient people; to wait is second nature.

A. Heathen Monastery

We turn our steps homeward. What appears to be a forest of pines is seen on our left. These trees actually enclose a heathen monastery. Hundreds of cawing crows circle overhead. They have found the tree that constitutes their home, but cannot seem to locate a satisfactory place to settle. However, one by one they alight. Noise gives place to quietness. But the evening calm is shortlived. The sullen, mournful clang of the ancient monastery bell is calling the priests to evening sacrifice. The gods must be awakened too. Soon the sound

of Oriental chanting—a mournful dirge—will grate upon our ears. Sadly and in silence we turn away.

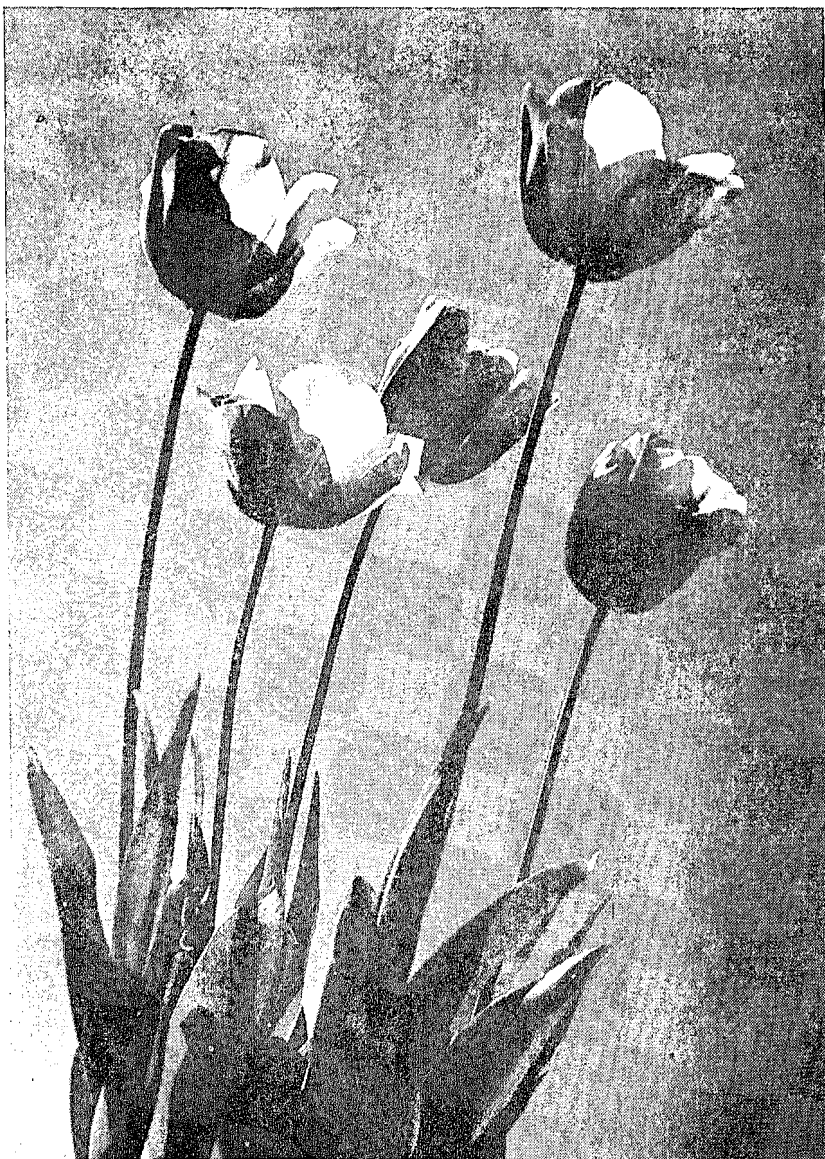
As already mentioned, someone has likened this Nature-blessed place to the Garden of Eden. In many respects this must be considered an overstatement but not where it concerns the presence of the serpent. Were a people ever more beguiled? I think not. Has any people partaken more freely of the forbidden fruit? No! Here is a well-watered plain—and the words suggest a place known to Lot. For him the well-watered plain spelt disaster. Love of the material almost ruined him soul and body. Here on this beautiful plain, love of the material threatens to overtake thousands in a similar way.

This is a dark picture but there is a ray of light in that the Gospel is being proclaimed in many parts of Szechuan. Furthermore, during the war the General despatched a little band of Salvationists to this province in order to help in the fight against deep-rooted evil. In our Salvation Army Halls thousands heard the Blessed Story for the first time, again and again the Mercy-Seat was lined with seekers. Evil was forced to make way for the Light that lighteth every man. Bound hearts found freedom. We praise God for the opportunity that was ours.

China needs courageous and consecrated young men and women, not afraid of loneliness, disappointment and trial. In God's name this evil serpent must and shall be more severely bruised than before. China's call is no less urgent than was that of Macedonia. "Come over and help us" is written on their sad faces. May the day be not far distant when a fairer harvest, more bountiful

SLENDER, TALL AND LOVELY are the tulips seen on every hand in Canadian gardens and parks in the glorious springtime

than hitherto known, shall be reaped in this land—a harvest of the souls of men. Like Paul we say, "Brethren, pray for us!"



We Are Looking For You!

(Continued from page 10)

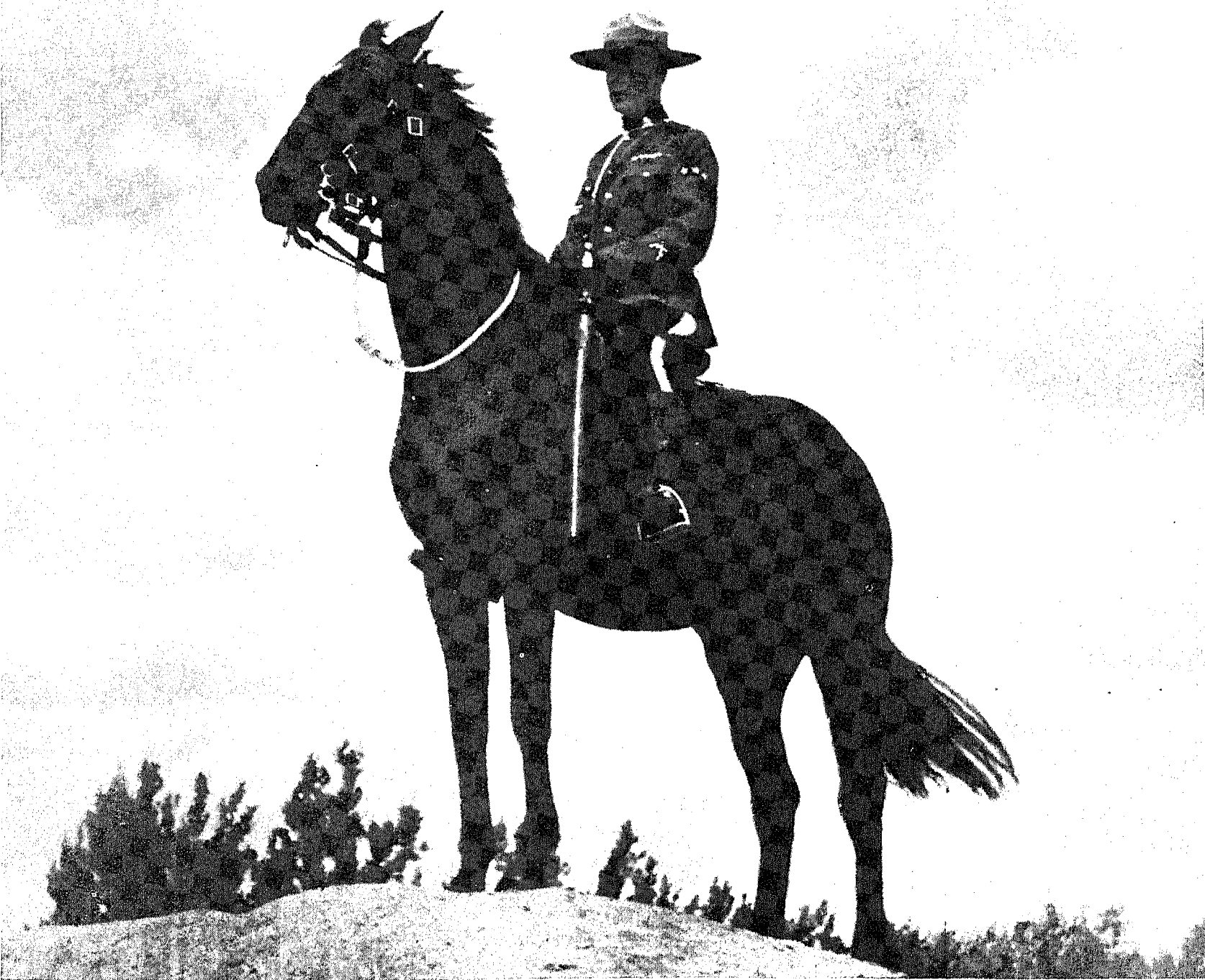
village. The Army was requested to do what could be done for the girl and to let the parents know the true position.

The Officers found Mrs. G— in a shocking and a shocked condition, not knowing where to turn for guidance. The "in-laws" had not allowed other agencies to enter the house. These people were of a low type, drinking and carousing being almost constant indulgences.

The Officers took the young wife to their home for a meal and talked to her hopefully, for by this time she was dangerously near a nervous collapse. They made her realize that they were her friends. When it was ascertained that Mrs. G— would be confined soon, The Army opened its spacious doors and she found quiet and gracious haven in its Home and Hospital. Kind-hearted Salvationists "showered" the heartened girl with much-needed clothing and more necessary friendship; and when the baby was born mother and child were well cared for until arrangements could be made through her brother's generosity and The Army's Immigration Department for their passage home to England. All this time the parents were kept informed of events and their relief and thankfulness could not be measured.

No wonder The Army considers it well worth while continuing its endeavors—in spite of many disappointments and discouragements—to trace the "lost, stolen or strayed." The thrilling gratitude of mothers who have received news of son or daughter again, is ample reward for any trouble taken, or hardship endured.

And The Army's main goal—soul-winning—is sometimes reached by this method, for often one thus helped is so touched as to commence to attend meetings, and ends up by finding Christ.



SCARLET-COATED "RIDER OF THE PLAINS"

A member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrols a section of the Dominion's far-flung frontier region

The WAR CRY

WHERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need
On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

Frank Mason North

